A GARLAND OF NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING

1 The bonny Lasſ of Bannachie.
2 'Twas within a mile of Edinbro'.
3 A new Song called Loughaber.
4 The Anſwer to Loughaber.

The Bonny Laſs of Bannachie.

ONCE I lov'd a lady fair,
She was a beauty I declare.
The only flower of the north country,
That bonny laſs of Bannachie.
She being heireſs of houſes and lands,
And I alone a poor farmer's ſon,
It was her birth and high degree,
That parted my true love and me.
I lov'd this lady in my heart,
Againſt our wills it was to part,
For ſhe ador'd me as her life,
In private we were man and wife.
Great knights and' ſquires a courting came
Unto this fair and lovely dame,
But all their proffers prov'd in vain,
For none her favour could obtain
But when her father came to know,
How that I lov'd his daughter ſo,
He Judas like betrayed me,
For keeping of her company,
It was at Alurain I was ta'en,
A priſoner for lady Jean
In fetters ſtrong then I was bound,
And carried into Aberdeen.
It's not their frowns that I do mind,
Nor yet the way that I've to go,
But love has pierc'd my tender heart,
And alas! its brought me very low.

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I was embarked on the ſhore,
Never to ſee my native more.
In Germany a ſoldier to be,
All for the Laſs of Banachie ;
But when I was upon the ſeas,
I ne'er could take a moment's eaſe,
For ſhe was daily in my mind,
That bonny Laſs I left behind.
When I arrived in that foreign land,
From my true love a letter came,
With her reſpects in each degree,
Sign'd by the laſs of Bannachie.
The anſwer which to her I ſent,
It never to my true love went,
It was her cruel father then,
Told her that I abroad was ſlain.
Which griev'd this lady's heart full ſore,
To think that we ne'er ſhould meet more,
This caus'd her to weep moſt bitterly,
Theſe tidings from high Germany.
O daughter dear, thy tears refrain,
To weep for him it is in vain,
I have a better match for thee,
To enjoy the lands of Bannachie.
He was the huſband of my youth,
In pledge he had my faith and truth,
I made a vow and I'll wed with none,
Since my true love is from me gone.

On every finger ſhe put a ring,
On her mid finger ſhe put there ;
And ſhe's away to high Germany,
In hopes her true love for to ſee.
She's put on her robes of green,
Which were moſt comely to be ſeen,
O had he been a crowned king,
This fair lady might have been his queen.
But when ſhe came to Germany,
By fortune there her love did ſee,
Upon yon lofty rampant wall,
As he was ſtanding centry.
O were my love in this country,
O I could ſwear that you was ſhe,
For there's not a face in high Germany,
So like the Laſs of Bannachie.
The firſt ſhe met was the Colonel then,
And he addreſſed her moſt courteouſly ;
From whence ſhe came and where bound,
Her name and from what country.
From fair Scotland ſhe ſaid I came,
In hopes my true love for to ſee,
But now I hear he's a granadier,
Into your honor's company.
What's thy love's name thou comely dame
O lady fair come tell me then,
For it's a pity thy love ſhould be,
In the ſtation of a ſingle man.

William Graham is my love's name,
All this hardſhip he ſuffers for me,
But if it coſt me thouſands ten,
A ſingle man no more he's be.

O lady fair come along with me,
Where thy true love thou ſoon ſhalt ſee,
This for your ſake a vow I make,
A ſingle man no more he's be.

Young Billy Graham was call'd on then,
His true love once more to ſee,
But when he ſaw her weelfard face,
O the ſalt tears blinded his eye.

You're welcome here my deareſt dear
Your thrice welcome here to me,
For there's not a face ſo full of grace,
Not in the lands of Germany.

With kiſſes ſweet thoſe lovers did meet,
Moſt joyfully as I am told,
She's chang'd his dreſs from worſted lace,
To crimſon ſcarlet trim'd with gold.

But when her cruel father found
His daughter ſhe abroad was gone,
He ſent a letter on expreſs,
It was to call thoſe two lovers home.

To him he gave a free diſcharge,
All for the ſake of lady Jane,
And now we here he's a wealthy 'ſquire,
Into the lands of Abedeen.

And now behold how fortune turns,
Her father's wrath to amity,
And now he lives in ſweet content,
With the bonny laſs of Bannachie.

'Twas within a mile of Edinbro'.

'TWAS within a mile of Edinbro' town,
In the roſy time of the year;
Sweet lerv'rocks ſung, and the graſs it was down:
Each ſhepherd woo'd his dear:
Bonny Jockey blithe and gay,
Kiſs'd ſweet Jenny making hay,
The Laſſie bluſh'd and frowning cry'd, No no it wunna do,
I canna, canna, munna, munna,
Wunna buckle too.
Young Jockey was a wag that ne'er would wed,
Though long he had follow'd the laſs;
Contented was ſhe to earn her brown beard,
And ſo merrily turn'd up the graſs:
Bonny Jockey blythe and gay,
Kiſs'd ſweet Jenny making hay;
The Laſſie bluſh'd and frowning cry'd, No no it wunna do,
I canna, canna, munna, munna,
Wunna buckle too.
But when that ſhe found he would make her his bride,
Though his flocks and his heards were but few,
She gave him her hand and a kiſs or twa beſide,
And ſwore ſhe'd ever be true:
Young Jockey blithe and free,
Won her heart right merriely;
At church na mair ſhe frowning cry'd No no it wunna do,
I canna, canna, munna, munna.
Wunna buckle too.

A new Song called Loughaber.

THESE lines from your love Jenny recieve,
At Carliſle confined will make you to grieve,
I priſoner was taken on Culloden Plain,
I wiſh in that battle I had been ſlain.
But fate has decreed it muſt not be ſo,
I wounded was taken, and with them muſt go:
O my fate, my dear Jenny, doth trouble me ſore,
For thee and Loughaber I ne'er muſt ſee more.
I often was told by the lairds of the clan,
That Charlie he was a brave muckle man;
But none of his bravery e'er I did ſee,
De'el take them for liers they have ruined me.
Deluded by lies I ſoon did comply,
With when I muſt fight and with when muſt die,
O my fate, my dear Jenny, will trouble thee ſore,
For thee nor Loughaber I ne'er will ſee more.
The defeating Johnny Cope at Preſton Pans,
Enlivened our hearts and encouraged our claps;
Fluſh'd with ſucceſs, to England we did ſteer,
But brave duke William put us in great fear.
He fought us, he beat us, he ruined us quite,
And we are all in a ſorrowfull plight:
May heaven it's bleſſing upon thee, love, pour,
For thee nor Loughaber I ne'e ſhall ſee more.

The Anſwer to Loughaber.

O Billy thy letter cuts me to the heart,
To think that forever I from thee muſt part,
Your conjuring teathers has brought you to this,
Now you'll loſe your life and all your bliſs.
You being ſo brave a valient young man'
You ſoon was inticed to join the whole clan,

And I told you at parting you know with much pain,
That me nor Loughaber you'd ne'er ſee again.

O I did intreat you, I did you implore,
To ſtay with your Jenny who did you adore.
O I did intreat you I did you implore,
To ſtay with your Jenny who did you adore.

don't you remmeber your anſwer ſo ſmart
A fair [illegible] ne'er was won with a faint heart,
And thus my advice you did treat with diſdain,
And you,ll ne'er ſee me nor Loughaber again.

O what would you give your dear Jenny to ſee,
O what would you give in Loughaber to be,
O what would you give your dear Jenny to ſee,
O what would you give in Loughaber to be.

Was it in my power I would eaſe all your fears,
Your bleeding wounds I would bathe in my tears,
On my boſom I'd lull the aſleep from thy pain,
But you'll ne'er ſee me nor Loughaber again.

For the judges I hear are already come down,
Which gives to my heart a moſt deſperate wound,
The ſucceſs of your trial I long for to hear,
But there is no hopes that you can get clear.

You went with much freedom with bonnet and plaid,
With broad ſword and target like a brave highland lad,
I told you at parting you now with much pain,
That you'd ne'er ſee me nor Loughaber again.

FINIS.

Angus, Printer.